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## HISTORICAL NOTICE OF THE CITY OF DUBLIN.

(Continued from page 2.)

We now take up the history of Dublin from the period of the Anglo-Norman conquest; and in thus approaching nearer to our own times, we crave the indulgence of the reader, and hope that we will be enabled to state *truths* without indicating any bias.

No king, perhaps, ever gained so important a possession as Ireland, at so little *personal* expense, as did Henry the Second of England. While with all his chivalry, and the flower of his dominions, he was vainly endeavouring to preserve France as part and parcel of the British empire, a few of his subjects on the marches of Wales had won for him apparently against his consent, an island without which the empire must have been incomplete, even though France had been retained. The Plantagenet, though he affected to be angry with Strongbow and the extraordinary handful of men who had secured Dublin and the east of Ireland for him, was not slow in proceeding to take possession in person of the crown that was thus won. On landing at Waterford, he immediately went on to Dublin, attended by Strongbow, and having in his train a gallant body of the Anglo-Norman nobility, and a small but well appointed army. When he reached the metropolis, he summoned the Irish kings to meet him, which was obeyed by the kings of Meath, Brefney, (Longford,) Uriel, (Louth,) and many others. But O'Connor, the Irish monarch, would not trust himself on the eastern side of the Shannon, and made his submission to Hugh de Lacy, who was commissioned to receive it, acknowledging Henry as his liege lord. Dublin, at the period of the Plantagenet's arrival, did not contain a house fit to receive a King, or capable of exhibiting those festive hospitalities which, as a King, he was determined to display to his new subjects. Therefore, outside the walls, in what was then called *Hoggin*, but now COLLEGE GREEN, a large temporary building was erected, composed of wattles plastered with clay. In this *pavilion*, run up after Irish fashion, Henry kept his Christmas. Within these rude walls, hung with the draperies of Flanders, and with the gorgeous plate and household decorations of France and Italy, he dazzled, while he feasted the Irish chieftains, and confirmed them in the opinion of his wealth and power. Having established courts of justice, granted English laws, which were accepted, and held a Parliament, according to the existing Anglo-Norman constitution, and after staying a few months, he hurried back to the peculiar field of his ambition—Normandy; leaving Dublin, not under the government of Strongbow, for of him he was ever jealous, but of Hugh de Lacy, Robert Fitzstephen and Maurice Fitzgerald, who, for their talents, rank and possessions, amongst the Anglo-Norman conquerors of Ireland, he supposed would prove a counterpoise to the power of Strongbow. Henry, though he accepted the conquest of Ireland because it cost him little, and though he had cunning enough to see that it was worth *something*, yet actuated by his mean parsimony, political views, and perhaps a low estimate of the real value of our country, determined that the private individuals at whose risk it was obtained, should also be at the expense of preserving what was already mastered, and of subduing the rest. So, after bringing over a colony from Bristol to settle in Dublin, and occupy the place of the evicted Ostmen, he distributed immense territories to the grandees who had first invaded, and gained a footing on our isle. To Strongbow he gave all Leinster; to De Lacy, Meath; to De Courcy, Ulster; and to Robert Fitz Stephen and Miles de Cogan, Cork. Thus he laid the foundation of that great Anglo-Norman aristocracy, or rather oligarchy, who ever at war with the Irish or the crown, were the chief cause of the unquiet state of Ireland for five hundred years.

It is not within our scope to enter into detail on the annals of Dublin, because, in fact, there is not a great deal that is really historically interesting. The colony of Bristolians settled under Henry's encouragement and charter, seemed to have amalgamated readily with the Irish and Ostman remnant that remained in the city after the seizure of it by Miles de Cogan. The walls being strengthened, and the Castle of Dublin commenced in 1205, by Meyler Fitz Henry, and completed in 1220 by Henry de Londres, the Archbishop, and rendered a respectable fortress, the citizens of Dublin were found to be of great use in maintaining the English power in Ireland. They went forth from the Lords lieutenants and Lords deputies, in carrying the war beyond the pale, and in breaking the hostile confederacies of the Anglo-Irish or Milesian chieftains; and the fame of their martial prowess went

before them beyond the Shannon, and as far as the Giant's Causeway. On these occasions the martial force of Dublin consisted of twenty companies, drawn from the Corporations, and headed by their Masters as Captains, and bearing before them their black standard, which, as Stanilhurst says, was "ragged and jagged, and almost by the rough tract of time, worn to the bare stumps." This array was always beheld by their enemies with particular respect and dread, and it was not alone the Byrnes or the O'Tooles that were kept by them in check, but the farthest north had reason to feel their power.

The particular day for mustering the martial array of Dublin was Easter Monday, which is still called Black Monday, for the following reason: the Bristolians, to whom Henry the Second had granted the city, and who now in fact composed the majority of the citizens, had introduced a sport which appears to have been lost in England, but is to this day a favorite game with the Irish—the hurling of balls on an extensive green. In the year 1299, a party of the citizens having challenged another party to a hurling match on Easter Monday, they fixed on an open space, now Cullenswood, which then stretched from within two miles of the Castle of Dublin to the Wicklow mountains. Here, while unarmed, and deeply engaged in this beautiful and interesting game, they were set upon by the Byrnes and the O'Tooles, and a dreadful slaughter ensued.\*

It was chiefly owing to the defensive precautions of the Dublin citizens, and to their reputation for discipline and valour, that Edward Bruce failed in his attempt at making Ireland an appendage to the Scottish crown. He had engaged in his alliance, all Ireland north of Dublin, and had marched (A.D. 1316) as far as Castlenock, within four miles of the city. But the townsmen having set fire to the suburbs, demolished Thomas-street, and even in the ardour of defence having pulled down part of a monastery of Dominican friars to strengthen the fortifications. Bruce saw that he had no chance, and under the mixed discouragement of his failure and want of provisions, he was forced to retreat to Ulster, where he was finally defeated. Thus this brief but dangerous attempt of the Scotch on Ireland was frustrated: and the good citizens of Dublin, in suing out their pardon from the king for demolishing part of their town, and making submission to the Church for delapidating a holy house, doubtless mixed no little pride with their penance, as having made sacrifices in their country's cause.

But this was not the only occasion on which the Dublinians committed acts which compromised them with both Crown and Church. They unfortunately engaged in the long feud that was carried on in the fifteenth century, between the earls of Kildare and Ormond, taking part with the Geraldine against the Butler. On a certain occasion they tore the earl of Ormonde from the sanctuary at Mary's Abbey, and breaking open the door, they not only did violence to him, but to the Abbot, carrying him forth from his own altar as they would a corpse. For this the mayor and sheriffs had to do public penance, walking barefoot through the streets of the city, from Patrick's church to Christ's church, and so on to Mary's Abbey. But this was not all. In a quarrel which took place between Ormonde and Kildare in St. Patrick's church, the citizens, who thought their favorite Geraldine in danger, actually discharged a flight of arrows in the sanctuary, at Ormonde's retinue, some of which having stuck in the sacred images that were kept in the rood loft, complaint was made to the Pope, and a *legate a latere* was sent to make inquiry into the matter. The citizens could only be absolved by their undertaking that their mayor should

\* It may interest the reader to peruse the quaint description that Stanilhurst gives of this affair:—"The citizens, having over great offence in the multitude of the people, and so consequently being somewhat reckless (reckless) in heading the mountain enemy, that lurked under their noses, were wont to roam and royle in clusters, sometimes three and four myles from towne. The Irish enemy espying that the citizens were accustomed to fetch such odd vagaries on holidays, and having an inkling withal by the means of some clatterfert (traitor) or other that a company of them would range abroad, on Monday in the easter week, towards the woode of Cullen, they lay in a state very well appointed, and layde in sundry places for their coming. The citizens rather minding the pleasure they should presently enjoy than forecasting the hurt that might ensue, flockt unarmed from the cite to the woode. Where, being intercepted by their lying in ambush, they were to the number of five hundred miserably slayne. The citizens, deeming that unluckie tyme to be a cross or dismall day, gave it the appellation of BLACK MONDAY. The cite, being soon after peopled by a fresh supply of Bristolians, to dare the Irish enemy, agreed to banquet yearly in that place. For the mayor and the sheriffs, with the citizens, repaire to the Woode of Cullen, in which place the mayor bestoweth a costly dinner within a moate or roundell, and both the sheriffs within another, where they are so well guarded by the youth of the cite, as the mountain enemy dareth not attempt to snatch as much as a pastye crust from thence."

ever afterwards, in detestation of the enormity, walk barefooted through the city in open procession, on Corpus Christi day. Indeed in these primitive times the ecclesiastical discipline under which good people were kept, was by no means light; and perhaps the world is not much better since the Church's discipline has been relaxed. What, for instance, would the worthy people of Dublin in the nineteenth century say, if subjected to the penalties for sinning to which their forefathers of the thirteenth century were bound? The Black Book of Christ's church records the following ordinance:—"If any citizen committed a public sin, he should for the said offence commute for a sum of money; if he continued in his sin, and that the same was enormous and public, that then (*'fustigetur'*) he should be cudgelled about the church; that for a third offence he should be cudgelled before the processions made to St. Patrick's or Christ's church; and if after his penance he should persist in his sin, the Official of the Archbishop should give notice of it to the mayor, and bailiffs, who should either turn him out of the city, or cudgel him through it."

But Dublin fell into a worse scrape than any that have been mentioned. In the year 1486, the citizens, encouraged by the influence and example of the earl of Kildare and the Archbishop, received Lambert Simnel, and actually crowned him king of England and Ireland, in Christ's church; and to make the solemnity more imposing, they carried the young imposter on the shoulders of a monstrous man, one Darcy, of Platten, in the county of Meath; and being in want of a crown, they borrowed one for the occasion from the head of the image of the blessed Virgin that stood in the church dedicated to her service at Dame's-gate.\* But the townsmen soon finding out their error, and feeling that they had to do with a prince of the house of Tudor, who was both resolute and wise, (Henry the Seventh) tendered their humble apology and submission in the following words:—"We were daunted to see not only your chief governor, whom your highness made ruler over us, to bend the knee to this idol, but also our father of Dublin, and most of the clergy of the nation, except his Grace the Archbishop of Armagh. We therefore humbly crave your highness's clemency towards your poor subjects of Dublin." The prayer of this petition his majesty was pleased to accede to, though the citizens were not entitled to pardon on the plea of *benefit of clergy*, for many who affixed their marks to the instrument could not write.†

But we must conclude for this number, promising our readers a treat when we come to give the history of SILKEN THOMAS,—Thomas Fitzgerald, lord deputy of Ireland,—who was so called from the splendour of his military trappings and his gallant and noble bearing. His life and fate are highly interesting, and will adorn a page of our little Journal. In the mean time, hoping that our readers will not complain that we are either *dry* or tedious, we bid them good-bye—for a week.



### AGRICULTURE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

SIR—There is no man who is so much afraid of reform as the husbandman; an experimentizer is generally another word with him for a *fool*—and he who introduces any new practice, any new instrument, or any new plant into a vicinity, generally calls down the contempt, if not the aversion, of all

steady-going people around him. This over caution on the part of agriculturists, is perhaps wisely implanted in their nature; for if the husbandman were to rush unadvisedly or lightly into every new plan proposed to him—if he was, from the success of a single experiment, to act as well as argue from particulars to universals, his rashness would prove not only ruinous to himself, but injurious to the community; and therefore it is particularly wise in all rural economy, for prudence to stand at the door, and watch the out-breakings of speculation.

To this rashness *gentlemen* farmers are particularly liable. It is so unworthy of their ardour and intelligence, to adhere to a regular routine of cropping—it is so tempting to try new and spacious ways—to introduce new plans, new machinery, new seeds, and new culture—and thus, often in the warmth of adventure, differences of climate, soil, aspect, and season, are not duly taken into account; and our Irish improver, anxious to show off how much wiser he is than his neighbours, and depending on his steward, who perhaps comes from Berwickshire, the Lothians, or Norfolk, adopts, to his complete failure and discomfiture, what was of approved and well-established practice in the district from whence he borrowed them.

In this way, I remember, some years ago, a spirited gentleman farmer, who had seen a successful experiment made upon a couple of well sheltered and well-tilled acres, of the sowing of a Spanish variety of wheat, (Talavera,) and on occasion of a remarkable fine summer in Ireland, he boldly ventured on sowing down all his land prepared for wheat with this peculiarly tender grain; the consequence of which was, that when his outlandish crop was in the midst of its pride and blossom, a frost—a nipping frost—came, and reduced the produce to nothing, so that where he expected eighteen barrels to the acre, he had not two.

In the same way, I have seen a great improver, and a man who was of large intelligence upon most subjects, commit the monstrous absurdity of stocking an unsheltered farm in Connaught, exposed to all the blasts of the Atlantic ocean, with Teeswater cattle and Merino sheep. He might as well have sent his own fair daughters, in their muslin attire, to winter in Labrador instead of London, as to have brought these creatures, intended for the shelter and dryness of happier climes, to wither, dwindle, and rot away, where even a Kerry cow or a Highland stot would have been uncomfortable.

But, on the other hand, if agriculturists are sometimes too hasty in adopting new and foreign ways, so on the other hand, old Farmer Jogtrot is a most provoking fellow. Thus have I known one of these wiseacres steadily adhere to the determination of never putting a scythe to his meadows until the first day of old July; another, never to reap his corn until the harvest moon had attained a certain age, no matter whether the corn was shaking in the wind, or not. It was in consequence of this principle, that an act of parliament was obliged to be enacted to hinder the Irish from making their ploughing cattle draw by the tail; and even in improved England, though certainly the instances are not so barbarous or mischievous, Goodman Steady still sends out his team of six monstrous horses, to plough a light sandy soil, three inches deep, thus wasting three times as much horse labour as he need, and doing, at an unwarrantable expense, what the Scotchman will do much better with a single pair of cattle.

In nothing is this adherence to old and bad custom so evident, as in the neglect of farmers in neither changing or steeping their seed corn, especially wheat. It is a well ascertained fact, that Irish wheat, as it is the worst sample, so it bears the worst price in the English market. Perhaps the dampness and coldness of our climate in common years is a great cause of the deficiency in the quality of our bread corn; but certainly the fault is also attributable to the want of attention in the change of seed; in the keeping of seed unmingled and unadulterated from the seeds of weeds, and from smut. I have seen in some of the southern counties of Ireland, especially Tipperary and Limerick, wheat that was grown on the sharp limestone soils that border on the Shannon, and the corn in itself was a beautiful and plump sample, but it was so mixed with smut balls and ribery, as the seeds of the Darnel, or *Lolium*, are there called, that it was almost unsaleable. I remember once calling on a tenant for his rent, which he had no just excuse for withholding, as the season was plentiful, and a fair market price for grain: "Well, Tim, why don't you come in with your rent? You know I must do what is unpleasant if you do not settle, and that soon."

\* This gate was so called from the church of St. Mary les Dame that adjoined it.

† Our readers are aware that *benefit of clergy* was extended to those only who could read and write.